

Marietta in the movies. Clark Gable (just behind her), acting as part-time talent scout, chose her for a small part in his new film, *The Misfits*.

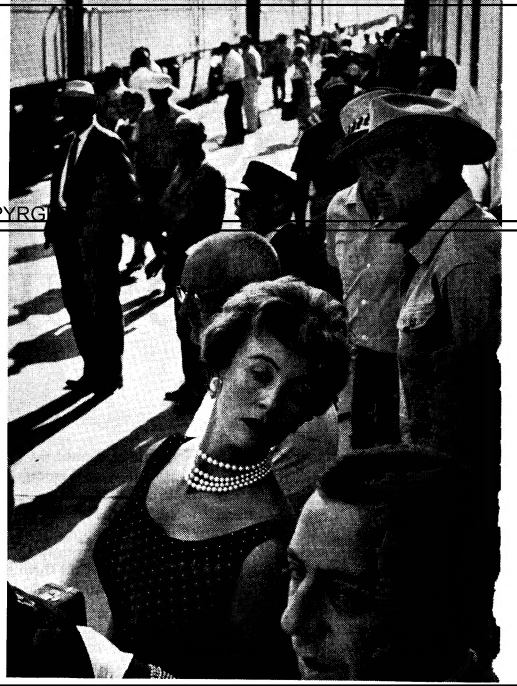
CPYRGHT

Marietta Tree has beauty, money and powerful connections. She belongs to the upper classes, but cultivates the masses too. She is

The Democrats' Golden Girl

By INEZ ROBB

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Three days after the Democratic National Convention closed in Los Angeles, a green-eyed blonde kissed Clark Gable with enthusiasm—how else?—at the railroad station in Reno.

It's nice work, and to the surprise of no one who knows her, Marietta Tree got it. Marietta, the living doll of the Democratic Party's hierarchy, had stopped in Reno on her way home from the Democratic convention at the invitation of an old friend, John Huston, one of Hollywood's elite. Huston was directing *The Misfits*, a film play written by Arthur Miller for his wife, Marilyn Monroe. The movie also stars Gable, Montgomery Clift, Thelma Ritter and Eli Wallach.

Marietta, who presides over one of the few genuine political salons ever organized in this country, arrived in Reno while Huston and Gable were scouting the territory for a local woman to play the opening scene with Gable. The search ended when Gable suddenly pointed a finger at tall, slim, patrician Mrs. Tree and said, "You!"

Huston did a double take and said, "Of course!"

The guest, confronted with an opportunity to buss Gable in her movie debut, said "Yes." Once the scene was shot, Marietta was on her way home to New York. When Huston saw the rushes, he phoned Marietta. She had been spectacular in the brief scene, and he wanted more. He finally convinced her he had written a second scene just for her, and she returned to Reno to play it.

The second scene was as good as the first. Thus the world will eventually see in the movies a woman who is an aristocratic beauty, wife of a multimillionaire, a member of international society and mistress of a New York town house in which Democratic history has been made continuously since 1952.

Marietta returned to New York from Reno just in time to repack her bags and fly with her husband to Barbados, where they have a year-round residence. She was hardly inside Heron Bay, the Barbados home, when the phone rang. The call was from Anthony B. Akers, New York City lawyer, who had just been appointed executive director of the Citizens for Kennedy-Johnson Committee. The first reaction of Akers was to call Marietta, who had comanaged his own attempts to win a seat in the House of Representatives.

"I asked her to work as my assistant in a top-level role," Akers said later. "She said 'yes' at once, as I knew she would. Marietta is a wonderful girl, a wonderful Democrat and a wonderful organizer. I count on her as my good right arm."

For the last eight years the party hierarchy has come to count more and more on Marietta. In that time she has worked hard, brilliantly and often anonymously for the party. A convinced liberal, to the left of her friend and political idol, Adlai Ewing Stevenson, she is known as an inspired organizer and fund raiser.

Although she is well known to leaders of her party, she is not nearly as widely known—in or out of the party—as Mme. Frances Perkins, or

Anna Rosenberg, or Mrs. India Edwards, the fiery woman who was vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the Truman Administration; or as Mrs. Katie Louchheim, who succeeded Mrs. Edwards; or Margaret Price, who has recently succeeded Mrs. Louchheim.

Marietta Tree's name is not to be found in *Who's Who*. Her only national role in the party to which she devotes so much time is as a member of the Advisory Council of the Democratic National Committee. On this committee is an assortment of top Democrats, ranging from Presidential candidate Kennedy through Jake Arvey to Gov. Foster Furcolo, Paul M. Butler, Gov. Orville L. Freeman, ex-Gov. W. Averell Harriman, Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, Sen. Estes Kefauver, Gov. David L. Lawrence, ex-Sen. Herbert H. Lehman, Adlai Stevenson, Sen. Stuart Symington, ex-Pres. Harry S. Truman, Gov. G. Mennen Williams and Paul Ziffren—which is a heap of chiefs.

Marietta is a member of the Advisory Council's civil rights committee, of which Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is chairman, and she was a member of the drafting committee that framed the civil-rights plank in the Democratic platform.

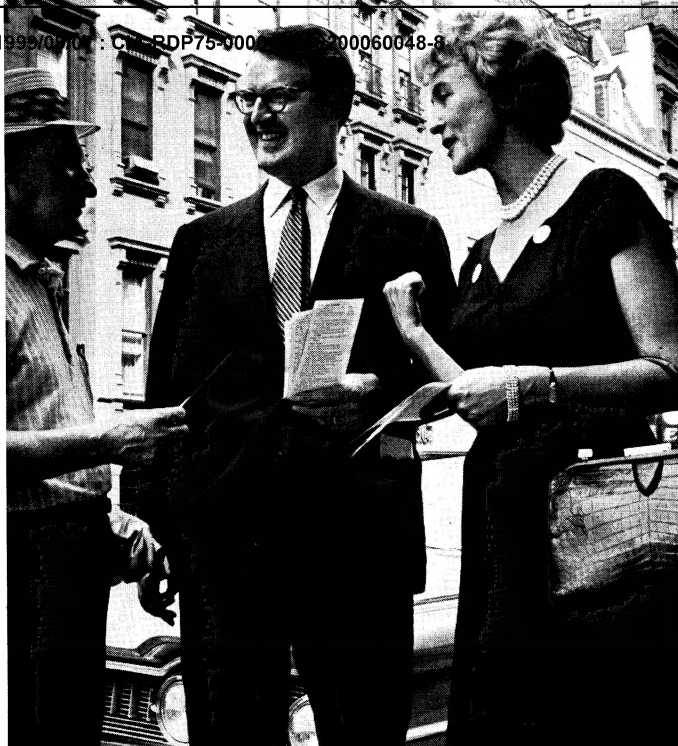
Granted that Marietta exerts leverage on the party through the Advisory Council, it is not at this point that she is of greatest value to the Democrats. Even her role as State Committeewoman from the Ninth Assembly District, dominated by the largest reform

1939: Marietta on the day she married lawyer Desmond Fitzgerald. Kept apart by war—and later by political views—the couple eventually separated.

CPYRGHT



Marietta with Gov. G. Mennen Williams at this year's Democratic Convention. An ultraliberal, she is a member of the party's Advisory Council and belongs to the committee that framed the Democrats' civil-rights plank.



Here she stumps with William Heuvel (center), candidate for Congress from New York's 17th District. The last candidate she supported here lost the election.

group in New York City, is less noteworthy than her gift for creating a political *salon*.

Marietta's greatest contribution to her party is a spacious home in which the elite and the beat of the Democratic Party meet to exchange ideas, launch trial balloons and stimulate action. Her drawing room, the focus of one of the most exquisite private homes in New York, can accommodate as many as 200 of the faithful at suffocation point. Here, Marietta brings together presidential possibilities and precinct workers from coast to coast. Here she mixes obscure candidates for city and state

offices with rich Democrats who give large sums to support their party. At Marietta's gatherings the benefactors and the candidates on the lower thresholds are mutually surprised and pleased to meet one another.

It is through this political *salon* that Marietta does most for her party. It has seen the national political debut of Democrats from every section of the nation. Many candidates meet there for the first time such party chiefs and *salon* regulars as Stevenson, Harriman, et al, as well as the "Harvard Consistory" of Democratic advisers. The Consistory is headed

by John Kenneth Galbraith, distinguished economist and author, and Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., the Pulitzer-prize historian. Schlesinger is a family friend of the Trees and is regarded as Marietta's court chamberlain.

The *salon* started more or less accidentally in 1952 with a party for Adlai Stevenson when he came to New York as Democratic presidential candidate to address a rally in Madison Square Garden. Stevenson's staff and principal advisers, including Schlesinger, were present that night in the flower-filled Tree home.

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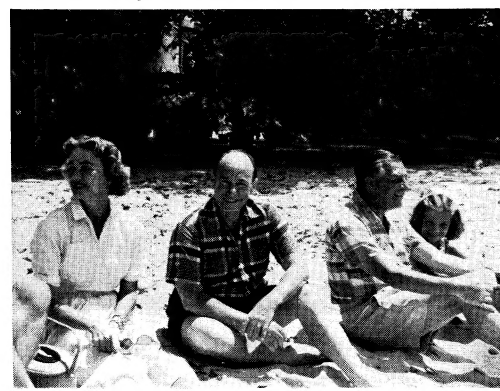
1947: Marietta (right) after winning a Reno divorce from FitzGerald. At left, her friend, Mrs. William S. Paley (now Mrs. Walter Hirshon), was divorced the same day.



"It beats the back rooms by a block," says one friend in describing the political *salon* she maintains in her elegant town house.

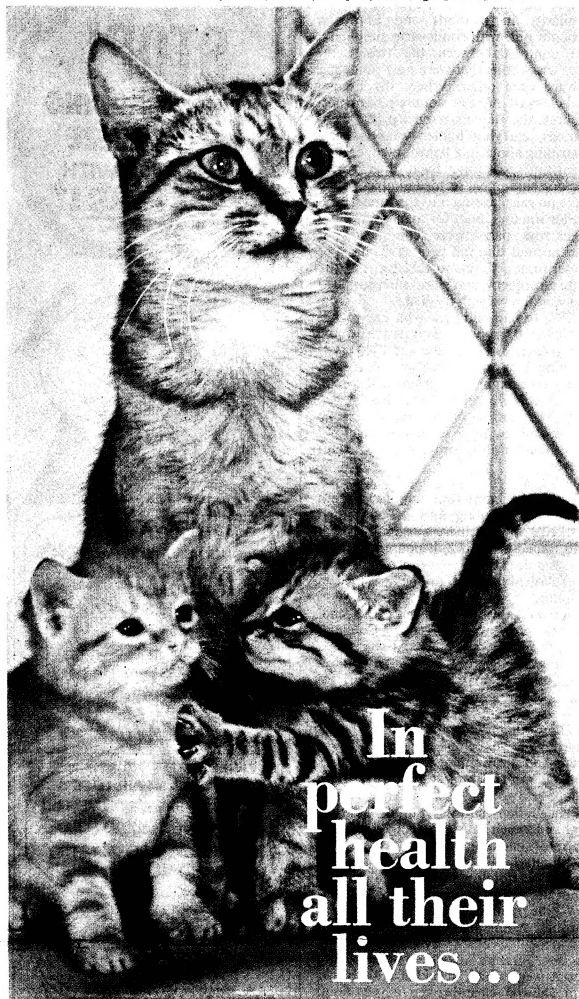


"Marietta gives the party status," says her old friend, Adlai Stevenson. He is shown here with the Trees—Marietta, Ronald and Penelope—at their house in the West Indies.



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The Democrats' Golden Girl

(Continued from Page 37)

In presiding over the *salon*, Marietta was doing what came naturally. She spent much of her youth in one of the most distinguished *salons* in Boston, that of her maternal grandmother, the late Mrs. Henry Parkman. Among her blessings Marietta can count two grandparents of extraordinary gifts and strong character. The more famous of the two is Marietta's paternal grandfather, the late Dr. Endicott Peabody of the Boston Peabodys, founder and headmaster of Groton, the distinguished preparatory school for boys at Groton, Massachusetts. Mary Endicott Peabody, as Marietta was christened, visited the school frequently to stay for long periods with her grandparents.

William McCormick Blair Jr., law partner and confidant of Adlai Stevenson, remembers that the whole student body was in love with the headmaster's granddaughter. Blair, who was a student at Groton in Marietta's day, had known her since they were toddlers spending the summer in Northeast Harbor, Maine, with their parents.

"I remember making a fool of myself, at thirteen, letting the other boys know that Marietta and I were old friends," Blair recalls. "She caused a great uproar at the school. She was getting prettier every year—and the boys, older."

Doctor Peabody believed that "the development of character" was the prime purpose of education. Then he preached that such character was best dedicated to public service. His system produced, among many notables, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It also produced in Marietta what Schlesinger describes as "her missionary zeal" for the betterment of man, whether he likes it or not.

If Marietta's grandmother Parkman is not as famous outside Boston as Doctor Peabody, it is because there is no justice. She is still remembered there as a Newark, New Jersey, belle of towering intellect, who took ten years to make up her mind to marry Henry Parkman, banker, Boston Brahmin and prime matrimonial catch.

For her own pleasure Mrs. Parkman translated the Greek Bible into Russian. The *salon* which she created in her Commonwealth Avenue brownstone rivaled that of her dear friend, the famous Mrs. Jack (Isabella Stewart) Gardner. In time Mrs. Parkman became one of the founders of Radcliffe College, in which Frances FitzGerald, nineteen, the eldest daughter of her favorite grandchild, Marietta, is now enrolled.

Marietta was born not only to the manner but the manse, knowing by hereditary right "everyone who is anyone" in her family's aristocratic Boston-Northeast Harbor, Maine, circle. Her grandfather's only son, the Rt. Rev. Malcolm Peabody, now an Overseer of Harvard and retired Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, married the eldest Parkman daughter, Mary. Their first child, born forty-three years ago, is that pride and joy of the Democratic party's hierarchy, Marietta Peabody Tree.

With such a background it is no wonder that Marietta has come to seek through politics (1) the perfectibility of men, and (2) their complete equality, unmindful of race, creed or color.

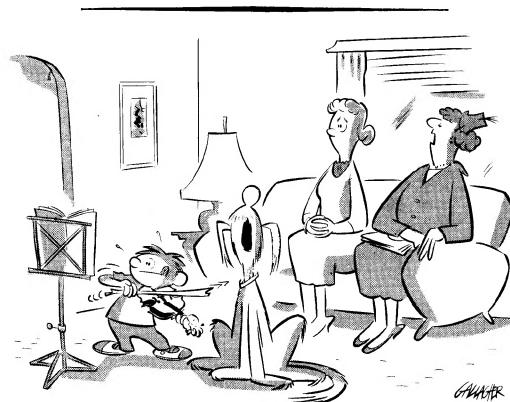
Long before Marietta found her vocation in politics she was working in the interracial field. Early in 1943 Marietta became a director of Sydenham Hospital. In December, 1942, this old New York institution, on the edge of Harlem, became the city's first interracial hospital. Civil rights have been a lifelong mission to which Marietta gives consecrated service, as do her four brothers. She recently resigned as a director of the National Urban League to give more time to the City of New York Commission on Intergroup (race) Relations, to which Mayor Robert Wagner appointed her.

Marietta is a convert to the Democratic Party, and converts, they say, are the most fervent believers. In her first political venture she harangued fellow students at St. Timothy's, a fashionable boarding school now at Stevenson, Maryland, in behalf of Herbert Hoover; that was in 1932. None of the students was old enough to vote, but it made no difference to her.

She carried her Republican sympathies with her when she was sent, in 1935, to La Petite École Florentine in Florence, Italy, to be "finished." But at the end of her year in Italy Marietta refused to consider herself "finished." She had definitely settled on politics as a life interest, and in preparation wanted to go to college. This enthusiasm was not shared by her father, the Rev. Dr. Peabody, who was faced with the expensive duty of sending four sons through prep school and college.

The father, then rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in the Chestnut Hill section of Philadelphia, made a bargain with his daughter. He would pay her tuition at the University of Pennsylvania if she would

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"The dog is coming along nicely."

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(Continued from Page 84) earn all her other expenses. If Marietta still looks and carries herself like a model, small wonder; during the three years she attended Penn. majoring in political science, she worked as a model in that Philadelphia institution, John Wanamaker's.

Romance and marriage cut short her university career at the end of her junior year. On September 2, 1939, Marietta was married to **Desmond Fitzgerald**, a tall, handsome young lawyer, son of a prominent New York-Palm Beach family, and a Republican. The knot was tied in the Church of St. Mary's by the Sea in North-east Harbor. The wedding was described in chorus by Eastern society editors as "one of the most brilliant social events of the year."

The newlyweds took a fashionable Sutton Place apartment in New York. Old friends remember the young Fitzgeralds as the handsomest couple in town. But Europe was already engulfed by war, in which the Fitzgerald marriage finally foundered. Fitzgerald, alarmed by the Nazi menace, quickly joined the Army. From that time until months after the war ended Marietta scarcely saw him.

When their daughter Frances was old enough to be left with a nurse, Fitzgerald was in Burma; Marietta, alone and restless, took a job with an old friend, Nelson Rockefeller, then head of the Office of Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. She worked in New York, looking after State Department guests, taking Inter-American wives on shopping tours.

In 1944 she went to work on *Life* magazine, chiefly as a researcher for John K. Jessup, the editorial writer.

"It was a fascinating experience, and I adored the job," she says of her two years there. "It turned out to a marvelous education. I had to know by heart the voting records of almost every United States senator and of the heads of all the important committees in the House. It was then, after memorizing those senatorial and House voting records that I became a passionate Democrat."

It was a fascinating experience for *Life*, too, as Jessup recalls Marietta's stint there.

"She was a sweet, candid and outgoing person, and she earned her pay," he says. "She was very bright, very handsome and always dining out in well-connected areas. She was a Park Avenue type, not a working-girl type, but she was completely at home in both worlds. When Marietta worked here, Henry Luce was always sticking his head in my door and saying, 'I dined out again last night with that researcher of yours.'"

Although Marietta had become a "passionate Democrat" by 1946, when Fitzgerald returned from the war and she quit *Life*, she had taken no active role in the party's work. Moreover she soon found herself preoccupied with a rapidly disintegrating marriage.

The war had parted the young Fitzgeralds for almost six years. They were strangers when they met again in 1946. Fitzgerald, still a conservative and a Republican, returned to a wife who, in his absence, had become a militant liberal and a Democrat. Their sympathies were estranged, and soon they were too.

During the war years Marietta had met in the homes of mutual friends the singular and fascinating Anglo-American, Arthur Ronald Lambert Field Tree, who is now her husband. He was then shuttling between London, Washington and New York on missions for His Majesty's Government.

Tree, almost twenty years older than Marietta, is the descendant of two of Chicago's most distinguished and pioneer families. Born in England and a natural-

ized British subject, he was a Conservative Member of Parliament for thirteen years. He is an old friend of Winston Churchill, who visited the Trees in their Barbados home last winter.

Both of Tree's parents were Americans. His Chicago grandfathers were Judge Lambert Tree and the original Marshall Field. The judge was active in the Democratic Party in his day, and a friend of the original Adlai Ewing Stevenson, grandfather of the current Adlai, and Vice President during Grover Cleveland's second term.

Despite stiff opposition from Marietta's family, the Fitzgerald marriage ended in a Reno divorce in July, 1947. Three months earlier Tree's first wife, a Langhorne of Virginia, a niece of Lady Nancy Astor and the mother of Tree's two grown sons, had divorced him. A week after Marietta received her Reno decree she and Tree were married in the town hall at Huntington, Long Island.

They sailed immediately for England and Dytchley Park, Tree's country house near Oxford. The magnificence of this mansion was, in Marietta's words, "overwhelming; it was a beautiful and glorious home." It had been a second home, during the war, to Churchill. And now the American beauty found herself playing hostess to leading political figures in Britain and many from the Continent. Tree had lost his seat in Parliament by a mere 100 votes, in the Labor landslide of 1945. He knew everyone of political and social importance in his adopted land, and he held open house at Dytchley.

By the end of 1948 it was obvious that Tree could no longer afford to live in England. Between British and American taxes his income was swallowed whole. The source of Tree's income, estimated at \$240,000 annually in 1950, is a multi-million-dollar trust, principally in Chicago real estate, created by his grandfather Lambert. So the decision was to sell Dytchley and return to live in the United States.

The curtain went down on the Dytchley period with a gesture worthy of the great house. The Trees gave a final dinner and supper dance in the mansion that "might

have followed a scenario by Oscar Wilde," says Marietta's brother, Sam, who was present. "I'm sure all the dukes of England were present, as well as Queen Elizabeth [then a princess], Prince Philip and Princess Margaret."

The Trees were back in New York by December 2, 1949, when their only child, a daughter christened Penelope, was born. They soon acquired a handsome double house in East 79th Street, which Tree transformed into a miniature Dytchley, with art treasures collected over a span of thirty years.

Marietta, who collects only causes, people and politics, was glad to let her husband take charge of the new home while she doted on the baby, got her older daughter settled in school, and began to pick up old contacts in interracial work.

It was not until the spring of 1952 that Marietta finally plunged into party politics. For months before the Democratic convention in Chicago she was an unpaid volunteer of unknown status at Democratic State Committee headquarters in New York. She proved quick and reliable in research; she could turn out literate speeches for any candidate in need of ghostly help. When the big wheels of the State Committee packed for Chicago, they felt sorry that Marietta couldn't be taken along.

George Daly, public relations director of the committee, told her, "We simply can't wangle another hotel room." Never mind, said Marietta; she was going to the convention anyway.

When she said she already had a place to stay, Daly asked for the address; he felt the committee should at least keep in touch with her, try to get her tickets for the convention and buy her a meal. When pressed, Marietta said that Marshall Field—then one of the party's financial bulwarks—had put his Chicago apartment at her disposal.

Daly rang up Earl Brown, Negro member of the Council of the City of New York and an assistant editor of *Life*. "Earl," said Daly, "who the hell is this girl?"

It was Brown to whom Marietta had gone in the spring of 1952, saying, "I

would like to work in politics. Should I go with the regulars or with an independent group?" Brown told her she could do more from the inside than from the outside, "no matter how much the inside needs reform." He then sent her to Daly without identifying her, except to say, "Here is a very competent person who wants work and no pay."

Brown's amused explanation to Daly, and events at the Chicago convention, convinced Daly and his cohorts that they had been entertaining an angel unaware. She knew everyone and his uncle; more to the point, she knew everyone and his uncle on a first-name basis, including two prime contenders for the nomination, W. Averell Harriman and Adlai Stevenson, then governor of Illinois.

Marietta returned from the convention to go with "Volunteers for Stevenson." The New York Democrats immediately talked of her as vice-chairman of the Democratic State Committee, but she would have none of it.

What she needed and wanted in politics was experience. That was just about what Democrats got out of the '52 campaign. By the 1954 elections Marietta was co-manager of the Congressional campaign of Anthony B. Akers, Democratic candidate for the House from New York's Seventeenth (Silk Stocking) Congressional District. In his behalf she addressed envelopes, directed volunteers, rang doorbells and stumped the district.

At 10:30 p.m. on election night in 1954, as returns began to come in, Marietta quietly let herself out of the Fifth Avenue apartment of Lewis W. Douglas, former ambassador to the Court of St. James's. She was skipping out on the most posh party in New York that night and leaving protocol in shreds. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas were entertaining the *crème de la crème* of the city in honor of Her Majesty, Queen Mother Elizabeth. By all the rules, no one may leave any gathering before royalty departs.

But the guest making her getaway had received permission to leave early. Marietta was the only woman in New York that night to whom it could possibly seem more important to be with political cronies at the Democratic headquarters of her Congressional candidate than to bask in the presence of the Queen Mother. "It was the natural thing to do," she explained later in a Back Bay accent. "At a time like that one wants to be with one's pals."

As Marietta left the apartment house, the family chauffeur and Rolls-Royce were waiting at the curb. She stepped in, pulled down the shades and directed the chauffeur to reverse the rear-view mirror. Then, with a dexterity worthy of a quick-change artist, she managed to wriggle out of her white lace Balmain ball gown and into a good, basic black. A few moments later, looking neat and cheerful, she was at the Blackstone Hotel, Akers's headquarters, and involved in the sad task of counting out her candidate. The Silk Stocking district, on schedule, had elected Akers's Republican opponent, Frederic R. Coudert Jr.

If the Akers campaign failed, it did produce as a valuable by-product: practical political experience for Marietta. By 1954 she was an active and valued member of the Lexington Democratic Club, in the Ninth Assembly District. This is the oldest and largest Democratic reform club in the city, viewed by the nonpartisan Citizens Union as representing "all that is best in politics." Here was an ideal political haven for an idealistic woman working her way up in politics from the precinct level. Marietta soon succeeded Dorothy Schiff, owner of the *New York Post*, as New

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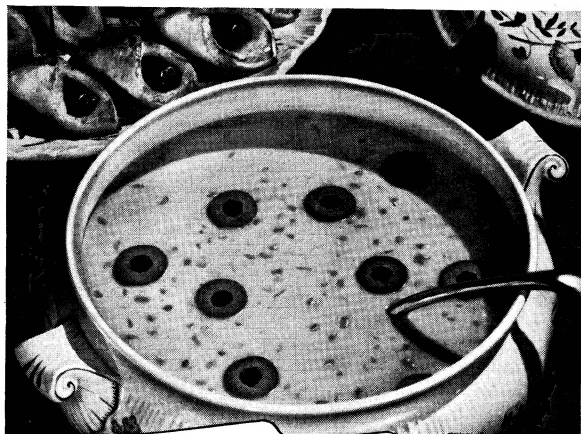


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BEEF STEW 'N BISCUITS—Cut packaged biscuits in half. Dip tops into melted butter mixed with caraway seeds or oregano. Bake buttered side up in 475° F. oven 5 to 7 min., or until lightly browned. Meanwhile, heat Libby's Beef Stew to bubbling; then top with herb biscuits. Libby's is the stew with lots of lean beef; it's most like homemade!



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FAMOUS BRANDS **SPECTACULAR**

OCTOBER 20-29

(Continued from Page 88) York State Committeewoman from the Ninth. She has held the job ever since by dint of constant canvassing and hard work.

In 1955 Marietta headed up "Volunteers for Stevenson" in New York. In the campaign a year later she won the admiration of the professionals for the powerhouse organization she built around volunteers at Stevenson headquarters. But Adlai was not the only Stevenson who pre-empted her time in 1956. Among the volunteers at headquarters was a pretty girl, Helen Stevenson, a remote cousin of the Democratic presidential candidate. Her eventual marriage to Gov. Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey was credited at the time to Marietta's matchmaking.

During the second Stevenson campaign the Tree drawing room was more than ever the meeting ground of Democrats of all degrees of opinion, candidacy, financial solvency and social background. The party eggheads loved it as their home away from home.

In Marietta's drawing room Democrats can always find stimulation from such top newsmen as Turner Catledge and Lester Markel, managing editor and Sunday editor, respectively, of *The New York Times*; James Wechsler, editor of the *New York Post*; and Alicia Patterson Guggenheim, editor of *Newsday*.

Writers, columnists, commentators, TV executives, intellectuals and the lively arts are represented by such *salon* regulars as Ed Murrow, Doris Fleenor, Eric Sevareid, James Reston, Alistair Cooke, Ed Morgan, Larry Lesueur, Theodore White, Louis G. Cowan, Robert E. Kintner, Moss Hart, Kitty Carlisle, Irene Selznick, Roger L. Stevens, Frank Altschul, Mary Lasker, David Lilienthal, Alan Jay Lerner, Earl Brown and even such Republicans as Harry and Clare Boothe Luce.

Party meetings that might ordinarily attract ten Democrats produced sixty when they were held in the Tree home after Marietta became active in party politics.

"It beat the back rooms by a block," says Earl Brown, who remembers with relish one of the early gatherings. "We were trying to raise money for something. I remember the tickets to this party at Marietta's house cost twenty dollars, but people crowded in from the Lower East Side, Harlem and all over. The catering and the champagne were by Twenty-One. When Governor Harriman and I wanted to talk privately, the only place we could find was in the house's sub-basement."

"I shall never forget the sight of the Trees' English butler, Collins, dying by stately inches at the thought of what that mass of Democrats could do to the house, or of Ronnie Tree, stiff, perspiring and apprehensive. And all the time Marietta was sashaying around as if it were a picnic in Central Park."

There are those who assay Marietta's good looks, her successful marriage, her two adoring children, her lavish homes, her Rolls-Royce, her political know-how and her *salon*, and sigh, "All this and Collins too!" Collins, who has been with Tree for thirty years, is a commanding example of the British butler. He is, in fact, the secret ingredient that enables Marietta, who is a perfectionist determined to be the model wife, mother and civic servant, to make an educated stab at all three tasks.

It is Collins who runs the town house with effortless aplomb. "He is one of the jewels of the modern world," says Marietta. Whether there are two or 200 for dinner, he arranges all faultlessly. Besides, he is one of Marietta's political triumphs. Collins may have arrived in the United States a monarchist, but today he is a true-blue Democrat who no longer

blanches when the house is jumpin' with the party faithful.

When Akers ran for Congress again in 1958, Marietta was once more comanager of his campaign. That time the Silk Stocking District rejected him for Republican John V. Lindsay. Marietta was now vice-chairman of the New York Committee for Special Democratic Projects, a group that raises the major share of funds for support of the Advisory Council of the Democratic National Committee. She had also achieved the status of a Kentucky colonel.

This fall Marietta is devoting her time, talent and *salon* to the election of John F. Kennedy to the White House. No one doubts that her political heart belongs to Stevenson, and the even more liberal wing of the party represented by Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey; neither does anyone question her loyalty to the party.

"She is always for the party rather than the personality," says her friend, Alicia Patterson Guggenheim.

"Marietta," says Adlai Stevenson, "gives the party status and prestige. When you find someone closely identified with the intellectual and aristocratic communities who is also a positive, active, working Democrat, it tends to encourage everyone in the party."

"In politics she's a warm, sweet breath of fresh air," says Joseph Baird of the Baird Chemical Corporation, who works with Marietta to raise money for the

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HAROLD COFFIN

party. "She really believes that politics is the art of survival."

In Marietta's own opinion, a Puritan conscience spurs her activity. "I work in the political field because I believe that everyone in a democracy has duties as well as rights. I think it terribly important that all the citizens in a democracy fully participate in government."

"In politics I can labor for a peaceful world for all children, a world that will give a better break to everyone. I am impelled by a feeling that I have so many blessings I must somehow try to pay for them in hard work for the community and in gratitude for being an American. I have to try and pay my debt to God."

Marietta's oldest daughter, Frances, has already gone canvassing with her mother. As for Marietta's husband, still a British subject, he is "delighted for her to have this interest in politics. Of course, I'm completely divorced from politics now, but I find that English Conservatives and American Democrats are indistinguishable in their aims."

The usual rewards of politics do not interest Marietta. She does not want to be an ambassador, a senator or a cabinet officer. The boys in the back room believe she might be pleased to be a national committeewoman, or a member of the American delegation to the United Nations. Rewarded or not, she will work just as hard for Kennedy's election as she did for Stevenson's in '52 and '56, convinced that salvation for the nation and the world lies along Democratic Party paths. And win or lose, the Democrats will still have a dedicated worker who is also beautiful, brainy, rich, gay, mistress of a *salon*—and soon to be seen in a movie, kissing Clark Gable.

What other political party can make that claim?

THE END

CPYRGHT